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THE DOMESTIC-SERVANT DIFFICULTY.

To get good female domestic servants is notoriously one of the difficulties of modern family life. Most ladies who are in housekeeping have at some time experienced great inconvenience through having incompetent or disagreeable servants. We Britons are a home-loving people. In his home, the harassed man of business expects to find peace, rest, and relief from the worries of his daily toil. But frequently the home machinery, instead of running smoothly, is thrown out of gear by some mishap with the servants. Can anything be done to improve our family domestics, or must we for ever be content with merely uttering our complaints over a chronic evil, for which the civilisation of the nineteenth century is unable to provide a remedy?

For all practical purposes, we may dismiss from our minds two classes of mistresses and servants. The lady who keeps many servants, pays them high wages, allows them much liberty, and does not overwork them, is not likely to have great difficulty in procuring and retaining a good staff of household servants. On the other hand, the menials who are ill-treated, underpaid, overworked, and allowed but little time for leisure or 'outings,' will be sure to rebel against this tyranny, and escape from it as soon as they can. The overwhelming majority with whom we have to deal lie between those extremes. Where the work is moderate and the wages are tolerably good, many situations 'go a-begging.' The demand for good servants is greater than the supply. And yet, if we may be allowed to use the illustration, we have plenty of girls—the stuff out of which good servants are manufactured. There are thousands of English, Irish, and Scotch girls, not to mention others, who are not employed in factories or in any public places of business, but who remain at home doing nothing. And the vexatious anomaly is, that although it would be better for themselves, for their parents, and for the general public if these young women were

in domestic service, yet they prefer to be hangers-on at home—'stop-at-home girls'—rather than go out and earn their living. A remedy for this state of things ought to be found. With multitudes of healthy girls, we have good raw material in abundance; surely we ought to be able to find the skill and machinery necessary to turn out as finished, that very valuable article, a good domestic servant. Good, honest, clever, respectable female servants are almost invaluable persons in a family; and there are many such; but at present we have not a sufficient number of them, and a considerable portion of those we have are acknowledged to be of an inferior order.

The explanation of, and the remedies suggested for, this modern household difficulty, which from time to time appear in the public papers, are amusingly contradictory. One mistress blames 'over-education' for spoiling servants; while another considers that girls are insufferably stupid and ignorant. One writer suggests that servants think more of a comfortable home than of anything else; another says they are petted and pampered too much. Some urge a rigorous household discipline; while others complain of irritating restrictions. One pleads for a lady being more familiar with her servants; another says that a mistress ought to 'keep her place'—whatever that may mean. Some writers tell us that servants as a class are overworked; others assure us that many of them have so little to do that they waste their time in reading novels, in gossiping, and in looking out of the windows. These Babel tongues only show in what a chaotic state many people's minds are on this subject.

We may notice, however, that all these suggestions indicate something like unanimity on two points—namely, that the relationship between mistresses and servants is not satisfactory; and that an improvement, if not a cure, is possible for the evil complained of. It would lift a load of care from many hearts, and bring sunshine to many homes where there is now shadow, if a

thoroughly good understanding were established between the queen of the household and her domestics, whose conduct to a great extent makes or mars the happiness of family life. To attain this object is worth an effort; and the remedies which have occurred to us are, that there must be more forbearance shown to each other by the classes concerned, and that by some means or other domestic servants must be better taught and trained for their work.

In dealing with the first point we are treading on somewhat delicate ground; still, it may not be amiss to point out a few faults on both sides which might easily be corrected. And here we gladly acknowledge that there are vast numbers of good mistresses and servants to whom the following remarks do not, and are not intended to, apply. There are, however, ladies who make a great deal of unnecessary work for their servants by thoughtless indolence. They will insist on their maids trotting up and down stairs to do the merest trifles. The coal-scuttle is beside their chair, but they will not touch the handle of the shovel to put a few coals on the fire. They will not shut a door, or draw up a window-blind, or light a lamp; but, in the language of the song, they 'ring the bell for Sarah.' Poor Sarah may be so hard worked that she does not know which way to turn; but that does not matter—she must leave more important duties to answer the bell.

There is a great difference between French and English ladies in this respect. As a rule, French ladies do not give their domestics unnecessary trouble; besides, they pay them well and treat them kindly.

Again, some mistresses appear to live in a region of ice, their ideas of caste not allowing them to speak to their servants except to give orders. As a natural consequence, the servant does not look up to such a mistress as a friend, or study her interests, but thinks only of the amount of wages she will get. A great many ladies—who appear to forget that the world keeps jogging on—constantly complain that servants are more difficult to manage, and that they will not do now as they did twenty or thirty years ago. But is it not unreasonable to expect that they should? All classes of the community now live in a different style from what they did in the past generation. If desirable, it is not possible to bring back former times, and wise people leave off crying for the moon. Formerly, a servant-girl had to dress in a certain manner, have no 'followers,' receive few friends, have no leisure hours or nights out, except to attend a place of worship, and certainly dared not presume to have her letters addressed with the prefix 'Miss.' For better or for worse, mistresses must recognise the fact that the times are changed.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that modern servants have grave faults. Many are disobedient, not to say insolent. They cannot brook having their faults pointed out. They are extravagant and reckless with the property of their employers. The waste in some households is shameful. Some servants prefer to dress in tawdry finery, rather than in clothes suitable for their work and becoming their station. They love gadding about in the streets better than

doing their duty in the family at home. Not unfrequently, servants are wretchedly incompetent. They are foolish, often 'giving notice' for the most trivial reasons. They treat 'Missis'—who is generally their best friend—as if she were their natural enemy. Now, it is evident that so long as those feelings of antagonism exist between the head of the household and her domestics, family life cannot be pleasant. A spirit of mutual forbearance would do much towards improving the relationship of mistresses and servants; it would act like oil poured on the wheels and cogs of some valuable but screeching machinery.

That girls who are intended for domestic service should be better *trained* to their work, has not received, we think, the attention it deserves. We have many institutions whose object is to benefit females; but we have no good system for training domestic servants. We have Girls' Friendly Societies, Servants' Benevolent Institutions, Homes of Hope, Refuges, Female Protection Societies, and so forth; but our great want is some extended organisation by which young girls could be educated in the duties of the household. Our land abounds with various and noble charities; but we should not forget that 'prevention is better than cure,' and that the best form of charity is that which helps people to help themselves.

The girls brought up in Workhouses, in Orphanages, in Reformatories, and similar places, often make poor servants. Those ladies who, through benevolence, have taken such girls into their service have frequently complained in the public papers of their ignorance and general incompetence. This is the more disappointing, from the fact that these charitable institutions are supported by money obtained from the public. A little reflection, however, will convince mistresses that they expect too much when they look for a good supply of competent domestic servants from such places. This is not exactly their work. The objects of these institutions are to teach the children good morals, to feed and clothe them, and to give them a start in general education. In most cases they leave before much knowledge of household duties can be acquired. This is the weak point in our domestic economy. Untaught girls go out to their first situations, and have to scramble into a knowledge of their work as best they can. Clever servants are not made by accident. Cooking is an art to be learned, as much so as playing the piano. And judging from the number of advertisements to be seen constantly in the papers for 'plain cooks,' there are many young women who have not learned the elementary principles of this art.

The same may be said respecting the other duties required of servants. Nursing children or invalids, dusting, cleaning, sewing, arranging the toilets of ladies, waiting at dinner, &c.—all these duties require skill. It is a fact that our best servants come from the families of small farmers, tradesmen, and well-to-do mechanics. And they are superior because they have had a better home-training than those brought up in the haunts of poverty and vice.

What we advocate, then, is that in some way our servants shall be thoroughly instructed to do all kinds of household work. A central

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Domestic Servants' Training Home in London, with branches in the provinces, is the organisation which appears to us most likely to accomplish the end in view. It must, of course, at first be a work of charity, taken up by ladies of position throughout the land. The methods of teaching would probably be by holding classes and giving lectures, similar to the methods now adopted by our different Schools of Cookery. In some cases, lessons could be given at home. Such an institution would work in harmony with all our day-schools, supplementing their teaching, and thus making the education of females more complete. Nor need its operations be confined to any particular class; for while its main object would be to train the poorer classes of girls to become good servants, and therefore good wives for those who afterwards would want them, at the same time it might give instruction in those higher branches of knowledge so essential to lady-helps, matrons, housekeepers, and even mistresses.

One very important part of the work of such an Institution would be the establishment of night classes and lectures for the convenience of females who are fully employed during the day. Girls at home, in factories, dressmakers, milliners, and others, would thus have an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of household work which so many of them lack. As already intimated, the direct results of this scheme would be to make good domestic servants and good wives; but the indirect results would be to aid the temperance reformation and to promote thrift.

It is generally acknowledged that one reason why so many working-men prefer the public-house to their own homes is because their wives do not possess the household virtues of cleanliness, neatness, and order. They have not the knack of making home attractive. Hence the husband leaves a comfortable house to seek comfort elsewhere. The question of course will be asked, Is such a national scheme practicable? We will suggest an answer to this question by asking another. In this age, what undertaking is there which is not practicable? But supposing we allow, for the sake of argument, that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of establishing a National Training Home for Domestic Servants, we see no obstacle to prevent something of the kind being attempted on a smaller scale. In any locality, if a few ladies of position formed themselves into a Committee, and energetically took up the subject, they would be sure to have considerable success. Young women, for the sake of advantages to themselves, would be induced to attend the classes and lectures of such societies, and the working expenses need not be heavy. The Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, 14 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, is something like what we are advocating. That Institution is doing an excellent work among the friendless, ignorant, intractable, young girls of London. Its funds deserve to be more liberally supported, so that its beneficent operations might be extended all over the country.

In nearly every town in the kingdom there are hundreds or thousands of girls growing up who are ignorant of, and incompetent to perform the duties of an ordinary household. We should like to see those now helpless girls taught and trained to be good domestic servants. Plenty

of situations with good wages are awaiting them. They need not emigrate to find them. On the other hand, by making good servants, we should be lessening a social evil, and removing that irritating friction which is constantly grinding away the peace of our family life.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XX.—'VALENTINE STRANGE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU.'

CONSTANCE was staying with Mr Jolly's maiden sister, who lived in a small house at a large rental in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair; and thither Reginald drove before dinner that evening, resolved on what should seem a call of duty on the maiden aunt. To his profound amazement, he found Strange there, settled apparently as a friend of the household. He glared at him with unveiled surprise, and Val himself looked almost as guilty as he felt. 'Why, what,' cried the startled new-comer, 'in the name of all the wonders, brings you here?'

'Reginald!' said the maiden aunt, with some severity.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear,' said Reginald in response. 'Strange and I are old friends.' He kissed the withered cheek dutifully, as he had always done, and nodded at Constance. He was himself again.

'How is papa?' inquired Constance.

'Drowned, drowned, drowned, as the Queen in *Hamlet* says,' returned the flippant young man; and proceeded to relate the little episode of the morning. His eyes wandered from Strange to Constance, and from Constance to Strange, and he watched and speculated as he chattered. The mere insertion of his eyeglass seemed to lend him a certain sublime stoniness of visage. He watched everything in seeming to watch nothing; and being a born diplomatist, he abstracted himself gradually from Strange and Constance, and gave himself wholly over to the amusement of the old lady. But, for whatever reason, the two made no sign, and seemed, indeed, even a little bored with each other, and aware of the world. Reginald, confident in the freedom he could take, determined to sit out the term of Val's visit, and having accomplished that feat, and driven Strange into rising, he also arose.

'We'll go together,' he said quietly.

Val, being unable to find a reason for sitting down again, abused himself inwardly for not having exercised another minute's patience; not guessing that in that case, Reginald would have willingly sat there for a week. Unimpressible, and even stupid as he contrived to look behind his glass, the little man noted everything. In Strange's farewell to Constance there was something of an appeal, a touch so fine, that the best of actors would have been put to it to copy the manner of it. Constance's manner was chilly; but her bosom gave one long heave, and she paled and trembled ever so little as she said good-bye and gave him her hand. These signs were so delicate in themselves, that I have in expressing them a sort of feeling that I exaggerate them; but the keen though vacuous-looking eye

behind the eyeglass took in all, and the youth made his own conclusions.

'Valentine Strange,' he said, pausing in the street a few seconds later, and tapping his friend lightly on the breast, 'I want to speak to you.'

Val looked at him quietly. 'What is it?'

'Come with me to your own rooms,' said Reginald. 'We can be quiet there.'

Val, with a little sinking at the heart, foreboding what was coming, nodded in assent; and having summoned a hansom, they were trundled along with scarcely a word between them.

'Now,' said Strange, turning upon him when his rooms were reached, 'what is it?' The air was dusky, but there was a fire aglow upon the hearth by which the two could read each other's faces.

'Got any baccy?' asked the younger.—'Thank you.' He chose a pipe from the rack above the mantel-piece, and having filled and lit it, sat down gravely and smoked, with both hands stretched out to the red gleam of the fire.

'What is it?' Strange asked again, this time with some impatience.

'You remember kicking Davis in the Fives Court?' asked Reginald with apparent irrelevance.

'Yes,' said Strange, breathing tightly, and not knowing what to make of this beginning. 'What about it?'

'Remember the fight that came after it?'

'Perfectly,' said Val, trying to laugh, and not succeeding very brilliantly.

'Remember what it was all about?'

'Certainly. What of it?'

'You did me a royal good turn that day,' said Reginald. 'It's twelve years ago, ain't it? We've been close chums ever since that time, haven't we, Val? And that was the beginning of it. Very well. You've always been stronger and richer and luckier and handsomer than me, haven't you? Very well, again.'

'You have not been drinking, have you?' asked Strange.

'Half a pint of claret at luncheon,' said the little man, with his eyes on the red glow of the fire. 'We've been chums for twelve years. You began by licking an enemy of mine, and you've gone on with all manner of kindnesses ever since. And now I'm going to show my gratitude. You're not the Valentine Strange you used to be. There's something on your mind. Will you tell me what it is, Val, or shall I tell you?'—Strange sat in silence.—'Remember, Val,' said his companion, lifting his gaze from the fire and looking full in Val's eyes across the semi-darkness of the place, 'this is the first chance of doing you a turn, I've had. I give you notice that I'm going to take it—mercilessly.'

'That half-pint,' said Val, 'was longer or stronger than common. Have a nap.'

'Am I to tell you what it is?' asked Reginald, with no alteration in his tone, and with his eyes still fixed on his companion; 'or will you tell me?'

'Oh!' cried Val, in a tone of easy impatience and derision, 'let us have it. Let me get a light.—And now, go ahead. I'm waiting.' He threw both legs over the arm of his chair, and slipped back, so that his face fell into darkness.

In answer to this movement, the little man arose and lit the gas before he spoke another word.

Strange came uneasily back into his former posture. 'Confound your mystery!' he cried. 'What have you to say?'

'I have something to say,' returned the other, 'that I don't want to say. Something I tremendously dislike to say. Something I must say, unless you'll say it for me.'—Strange's only answer was to cast his hands resignedly abroad. Reginald stood upon the hearthrug before him, and had the advantage, unusual with him, of looking at Strange from a superior height. It is remarkable how that tells in a discussion—with some people.—'Now, will you tell me, Val—you, an honourable man—will you tell me on your word of honour that you have no guess of what I mean?'

'You little lunatic,' said Strange, with an affectation of good-humoured railery, 'how should I tell?'

'Val,' said the little man feelingly, 'you don't know how much I know.'—At that, Strange started and turned pale. Was it possible that Constance, dreading herself, had besought her brother's interference.—'Suppose,' the little man continued, 'that I had met your friend Gilbert—East?' He threw just a trifle of malice into the pause, for he was angry with Strange for that deception. Strange moved again, and blushed. This was turning the attack altogether, and though the shaft hit him smartly, he could bear it. If the letter to Gilbert were all the mystery, he thought he could make his peace. 'Suppose,' Reginald went on, 'that I had put two and two together, with a result confirmed again this afternoon? Val, for pity's sake, don't make me fool about in this way any longer. Tell me you understand me.'

'Well,' said Val suddenly, with a desperate voice and a face of pallor, 'I understand you. Go on.'

'Thank you,' said the accuser, holding out his hand.—Strange took it and pressed it hard, though he hung his head.—'That's like you, Val. That's honest. I'm very sorry, very sorry, sorrier than I can say. But you're too late, Val. And you're a man of honour, and I'm a man of honour. And—he's a friend of yours too, Val. Now, it's all over, isn't it?'

'Rags, old man,' groaned Val, still holding his hand, and speaking with his head still bent, 'she doesn't care for him!—not a straw!'

The little man gripped Val's hand harder as he responded: 'We're both men of honour, and we're friends, Val—friends. We can't have her talked about. The other man's in his right. She took him with her eyes open, and you came too late. You came in last. Well, you'll find another race that'll be better worth winning in.'—There was no answer to this, except a groan and a harder grip of the hand.—'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,' said Reginald; 'but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. Run away from it. That's the best thing you can do. Make a bolt—at once.'

'Yes,' said Val, stricken to the heart, 'I'll go.—But,' he added, lifting his head and showing a face so changed, that his companion was amazed and half frightened by it, 'it will be as hard

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for'— He checked himself there, but the tone told all.

'The more need to go, if that's the case,' said Reginald, hardening himself. 'Honour! Val, honour!'

'I know it will be,' cried Val, rising and casting his arms upon the mantel-piece. He looked round with haggard eyes. 'I know it!' he cried again, and dropped his head upon his arms.

'How do you know it?' asked the other, almost sternly. 'Val! you haven't—spoken to her?'

'What do you think of me?' cried the miserable Val, not daring to confess. 'But I know it.'

'I've never been hit in this way,' said the young philosopher, laying a friendly hand on Strange's shoulder; 'but I suppose I shall take pot-luck with the others when the time comes. And if men and books speak the truth, the only courage is to run away, in such a case as this. Start at once. Go to Naples.'

'I'm sick of Naples,' said Val, raising his head drearily. 'But I'll get away somewhere, and I'll catch the tidal train to-night. Will you—will you say I'm gone?'

'Yes,' answered Reginald, moved by his friend's trouble. 'And Strange, look here! Stop away till it's all over. There's a good fellow. We shall have you back as jolly as a sand-boy in a few months' time. And I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go to Bassano's and have a room to ourselves, and dine together, and I'll see you off.'

'Do you want to watch me?' asked Val bitterly.

'That's not like you,' said the little man, reaching up and putting a hand on each of his friend's shoulders. 'I want to cheer you up a bit.'

Strange rang his bell, and ordered his servant to pack for the continent and book for Southampton. 'I'll go there to-night, and start for somewhere,' he said recklessly. 'Come on. Let's to dinner.' He rattled away in an almost hysterical fashion until the time for parting came. But when Reginald had shaken hands with him, as the train moved from the platform, and had withdrawn his hand, he felt that there were tears upon it.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN FOREST-NOTES.

I.—THE MONKEYS AND THE TIGER.

MONKEYS in their wild state are subject to many chances and vicissitudes, of which little is known save to those who have had opportunities of studying their habits and mode of life in forests and jungles. Gregarious, with the exception of a very few species, they abide in one locality as long as food and security are assured; but lack of the one or loss of the other often causes the disintegration and dispersion of a tribe or colony, so that it is not unusual to come across two or three individuals by themselves; and on such occasions it is reasonable to conclude that a tribe has met with some adverse vicissitude, that these wanderers were once the members of a considerable body, and that they in all probability now form the nucleus of what at some future date may become

again a formidable family. Of all the species found in India proper—and the monkey race is somewhat largely represented there—the greenish-gray variety (*Macacus rhesus*) is the most interesting; and its docility, when caught young and reared with care and kindness, is remarkable. Amongst the natives of the North-west Provinces it is known by the name of *bundar*, and shares almost equally with the *Hunumān* (*Semnopithecus entellus*) the veneration of the Hindus.

It was amongst this species I found myself one day, on my arrival at my tent on the banks of the river Kuriāli, in Upper India; and on inquiry I ascertained that a belt of forest at least twenty miles in length and three in breadth, bordering on the river, was inhabited by countless families of these creatures. Each family, consisting often of as many as thirty members, strictly retained its own individuality, and confined itself to a fixed area, where it roamed during the day and slept at night. From dawn till sunset each troop searched for seeds, fruit, and the roots of edible plants, jealously guarded by its gray-bearded patriarch; and it was amusing to watch the anxiety displayed by this individual, if by chance his family came into too close proximity with that of another. Nor was it an unusual occurrence to see the elderly heads of families engaged in a 'battle-royal,' vehemently claiming some too coquettish lady-monkey, who in the fierce heat of the combat generally escaped, in a more or less dilapidated condition, and with extraordinary agility returned to her own tribe, only, however, to be chased about and bullied by her more demure and circumspect relations.

Monkeys in general, and the above species in particular, entertain the greatest antipathy to tigers and leopards; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is these animals only that attempt to molest them; indeed, by the former, monkey-meat is considered a high delicacy. When, therefore, their domain is invaded by the stealthy tiger, and his whereabouts detected, the violence of their anger knows no bounds. High up out of the reach of their foe, they give free vent to their enmity, and with prodigious chatter assemble in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking; shaking the branches with might and main, and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs, and leaves, that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity; and should darkness set in, these sagacious animals will, on the ensuing morning, search diligently, to see whether or not their enemy has really taken his departure.

Illustrative of this antipathy, a very strange incident came under my notice. After I had been encamped a week or so on the Kuriāli, I was informed that there had been for some days past, and still was, a most unusual commotion existing among a large tribe of monkeys in a distant part of the forest, and that it must be occasioned by the persistent presence of a tiger or leopard in their immediate neighbourhood. From my previous knowledge of the habits of monkeys, I was aware that they treated other animals, such as wild-pig, deer, &c.,

with perfect indifference, and what the natives represented was probably the real clue to the state of frenzy the creatures were reported to be in. Unfortunately, I had no elephant with me on which I could with perfect safety venture to explore the place in question, which was in the very heart of the forest, and overrun with a dense undergrowth of bushes, &c. I was determined, however, to do the best I could; so, taking a thoroughly reliable gun-bearer to carry my second rifle, I set out for the scene of the commotion.

After a while, we arrived within a comparatively short distance of the spot, where a vast concourse of monkeys, chattering and screaming, created an almost deafening clamour, as they bounded and scrambled up and down some trees clustered close together. I knew the risk I incurred in the hazardous undertaking of walking up to a tiger or leopard under such disadvantageous circumstances; in truth, the very nature of the excitement depicted on the faces of the monkeys, which from time to time I carefully noted through a powerful binocular, warned me of the description of animal that stirred their wrath. Moreover, as the air was untainted by odour and free from the presence of wheeling vultures, I felt convinced that the object of their dread was alive, hence my progress became slow and cautious to a degree; yet all the time I felt puzzled to explain why the animal remained in one spot, worried as it undoubtedly must be by the continuous shrieking of a host of monkeys overhead.

Gradually my companion and I approached to within fifty yards of the excited throng; then I became reluctant to proceed farther without again thoroughly reconnoitring the situation. With considerable difficulty I hoisted the native—a lithe, spare man—so that he was able to seize hold of the branch of a tree and swing himself into a commanding position, whence, with the aid of my glasses, he endeavoured to ascertain what was really the matter. The fellow had hardly been on the bough a minute, when he slid swiftly to the ground.

'Come along, sir,' he exclaimed; 'it is dead.'

'What is it?' I asked eagerly.

But the native was moving ahead rapidly through the jungle, and though I followed close on his heels, his reply was lost in the terrible uproar the monkeys were making. I was therefore quite unprepared for the strange sight that in a few seconds met my eyes. A full-grown tiger had jammed himself inextricably between two stout *sál* saplings that sprang from the same root, and widened, so that at the point where he was caught at the waist and pinned, they seemed not more than six inches apart, and perhaps five feet from the ground. The animal was quite dead, and, by his emaciated condition, had evidently succumbed to slow starvation.

Of course it is impossible to describe the exact process by which the tiger got himself into this extraordinary predicament; but the following is, to all appearances, a very likely solution. In the first instance, he must have invaded the domain of the monkeys, and in return been constantly harassed by them for some days. Finally, some monkey more daring and malevolent than his brethren, must have come a

considerable distance down one of the saplings, to vex and annoy the tiger still further; and the latter, believing he saw a chance of gratifying his resentment, and at the same time satisfying his appetite with a choice morsel, very probably made a spring at him, which Jacko probably neatly avoided. But his antagonist had proved less fortunate, and had evidently fallen between the two smooth saplings, and been caught in their embrace; and the more desperately he struggled in his efforts to release himself, the lower he sank into the fork, and the tighter and more unyielding grew the grip of the stems. Thus inextricably wedged in, harried by countless hordes of shrieking monkeys, racked by hunger, tortured by thirst, the unfortunate beast had remained imprisoned till death relieved him of his sufferings.

II.—MONKEYS MIGRATING.

Some three weeks or more after the incidents recorded above, I observed that great multitudes of monkeys began to occupy the trees which grew along the margin of the Kuriáli River. By degrees the interior of the forest became entirely deserted. Then for the first time I learned that an annual migration took place, owing to the lack of food in the forest at this season of the year; for every edible particle had been searched out and devoured by these intelligent and, in this respect, industrious creatures. Yet I could hardly believe they meditated crossing the wide river; for wide it comparatively was even at this its narrowest part, where the monkeys were congregating in such vast numbers.

This information I derived from a semi-nude, wandering *jogee* or Hindu devotee, who, to the practice of mendicancy, added what he was pleased to term the science of astrology; and for the most part obtained a subsistence by working on the credulity of his fellow-countrymen.

'I have roamed these forest tracts for many years,' he said in answer to a question of mine, 'and I am bound to be present when these my children'—pointing to the throngs of monkeys—'cross the Kuriáli, for they will need my services.'

'Indeed,' I replied. 'Pray, tell me in what way you propose to help them.' For I naturally concluded that, during his long residence in the jungles, living as it were with wild animals for his neighbours and constant visitors, circumstances in connection with them must have come under his notice, likely to prove both interesting and curious.

'I will with pleasure, sir,' responded the native. 'You are aware there is just now a dearth in the land my children inhabit. This will continue for the space of two months, that is, till the rains set in; then the roots of the plants, &c. on which they thrive will again become plentiful. In the meantime, those that can get safely across the river will find food on that sandy expanse that you see in the distance covered with low thorny bushes, which at this period produce in perfection the sweet-tasted bher-berries.'

'But you have not told me how you will assist such vast numbers,' I remarked. 'I feel sure many will be drowned.'

'A few will no doubt lose their lives,' answered

the man, 'for the river is swarming with alligators, who appear to know that my children are collecting on the banks, and are in hopes of snapping up some of them when they go down to drink. But as a matter of fact, the poor creatures are only waiting for my permission to cross. I will direct them to do so as soon as I have ascertained a propitious moment, one in which nearly all the alligators will be asleep; and they will thus be able to swim to the other side in comparative safety.'

'You are really a remarkable man,' I said, somewhat ironically. 'Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you intend giving this signal, as I should very much like to watch so extraordinary a spectacle. Buksheesh, too, for yourself will be forthcoming.'

'I shall be sure to inform your honour,' replied my sable friend with much politeness; and with that he stalked importantly away.

It was probable that in bygone years the wily devotee had witnessed at least a dozen such crossings; hence it seemed to me very likely that, by accurately observing certain signs and indications in the behaviour of the monkeys, he was able to tell to a nicety the exact moment the creatures would enter the water. Using this knowledge for his own glorification, he pretended to be gifted with preternatural powers; and I had but little doubt that the ignorant and superstitious natives who lived in the vicinity were thoroughly impressed with the idea that the migration took place under his immediate superintendence and at his express word of command.

Next morning, just as the first streaks of dawn were reddening the sky, I was roused from my slumbers by a strident voice calling out, 'Sahib, sahib!'

'What is the matter?' I exclaimed, somewhat drowsily and unamiably.

'In about a quarter of an hour I shall give my children the signal to cross. If you wish to witness the scene, you must make haste.'

In the above sentences I recognised the accents of my friend of the previous day. Springing out of bed, I dressed as quickly as I could. Very soon I emerged from my tent, and made my way to the river-bank, which was about one hundred yards or so distant.

The old devotee, full of importance, was standing on the margin with a dozen natives around him. As I approached, raising his arm impressively, he pointed hither and thither for my edification; and truly the sight was an amazing one. Lining the bank of the river for nearly half a mile on each side of me, and squatting along its edge, were thousands and thousands of uncanny-looking brown imps, varying in size from the full-grown and bearded patriarchs of families, to the tiniest of youngsters. Moreover, in the motions and gesticulations of these monkeys, I could detect symptoms of an intense, though apparently suppressed excitement. It was evident they were contemplating a step which they regarded as one of supreme moment to themselves. From the monkeys my gaze next wandered back to the mendicant. He was eyeing his children—as he called them—very intently, and with a look full of eager expectation. Then my glance turned towards the river. A thin light mist lay on the

surface of the water, which, being narrowest at this particular spot, was rather deep, and ran with a fair current. I was trying to see if I could detect any stray alligators on the *qui-vive*, when the loud voice of the old devotee once more rose in the air.

'Jump in, my children—jump!' he shouted, taxing his lungs to their utmost capacity; and sure enough, as though in obedience to his word of command, the long, crowded line of monkeys sprang almost simultaneously into the stream. The continuous splash they created resounded up and down the river like the roar of an Atlantic breaker on a pebbly shore. Then the next instant a myriad brown arms were seen whirling in the air like so many miniature windmills in full swing—the monkey method of swimming being somewhat similar to what we term the 'hand-over-hand' style.

At starting, their progress was fairly rapid, and they kept well together; but soon the pace diminished, and the weaker animals began to lag behind. Then a new and painful interest was added to the scene; the alligators seemed to become aware that something unusual was transpiring in the element they considered peculiarly their own, and the river suddenly became alive with them. Every here and there, first was seen a ripple, raised by the rush of one of these reptiles below the surface of the water, towards a struggling monkey; then a sharp anguished squeal followed as the victim vanished almost instantaneously, having been jerked under by some voracious monster; finally, the observant eye could detect a crimson stain rise to the surface, which, however, speedily mingled with the turbid current and disappeared.

Many victims must have perished in this manner; but of course the main body at length reached the opposite shore, evidently in a very weak and distressed condition, as most of them with difficulty dragged themselves up on to the low bank and out of the reach of the jaws of their hideous foes.

Of course the same painful ordeal would have to be undergone by these unfortunate creatures when the berries on the further bank became exhausted, and hunger compelled them to face renewed loss, by once more swimming back to the forest.

THE MORTLAKE PEERAGE.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

IN this narrative, as in real life, there must be times when nothing of importance occurs. It was so for some time after the events which I have narrated. In the meantime, my young protégé was making rapid advance in his education. I never came across a more amiable or intelligent lad. As soon as I had rubbed off what I may call his nautical rust, and had coached him a little in mathematics and the classics, I sent him to reside with a clergyman who took private pupils; and I was gratified with the reports I received of his character and progress.

Months had elapsed, but I had received no answer from Lord Mortlake. At length there came a communication from his bankers. It

stated that the last that was known of the missing Earl was that he succeeded in crossing the Rocky Mountains, and had entered California; but after this there were no traces of him, and it was supposed that he had been murdered by the Anahuac Indians. My letters had therefore never reached him; and after a time, believing him to be dead, Lord Mortlake's agents forwarded them, with the rest of his effects, to this country.

It was generally believed—and I must confess that I shared the belief—that Lord Mortlake was dead. There was no reason, if he was alive, for his keeping out of the way. At this juncture, the next of kin, one of the Stanhopes of Leicestershire, assumed the title, and was about to take possession of the estates, when I at once instructed my solicitors to put in a claim on the part of my *protégé*.

The case caused a great deal of excitement in the fashionable world; for the boy's identity, as well as his legitimacy, was hotly contested by Mr Stanhope. The fact that the register at Knutsfield had been tampered with, and that a child had died and been buried as the offspring of Mrs Stanhope, together with many other incidents which I thought were only known to myself, had somehow got to the knowledge of his solicitors—how, I could not imagine.

A case like this soon got into the newspapers, and the principal facts were freely commented on. One editor, more bold than the rest, said that doubts were entertained if the ceremony said to have been performed at Knutsfield had any existence except in the excited brain of a rather susceptible clergyman, and in the hallucinations of a woman predisposed to melancholic depressions, and a pronounced somnambulist!

I must confess that all this caused me a great deal of anxiety. I was quite convinced that the lad was the legitimate son of the Earl of Mortlake; I was quite satisfied with the evidence of Mrs Minter and Mrs Moody; but I could not help seeing that there were so many elements of romance and apparent improbability in the case, that I could not expect a judge and jury to look at it in the same light as I did. I knew that there were enormous difficulties in the way of the prosecution of this suit; but nevertheless there was to me a certain amount of fascination about it that led me on; and I felt that whatever might be the obstacles in the way, or whatever might be the costs of the suit, I should eventually prove my *protégé* to be the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Mortlake.

It was at this epoch that one morning a lady was announced. I say a lady, because she gave no name: the servant was instructed to say that a lady wished to see me. I bade the man usher her into my study.

The lady who entered was tall and finely formed; but she was too closely veiled for me to distinguish her features. As soon as the servant had closed the door, she raised her veil. It was the Countess of Mortlake.

'You are surprised to see me here,' she said. 'I am equally surprised to find myself in your presence. I have been taught, and I believed, that you were my enemy—that you had destroyed the evidence of my marriage, and denied that it had ever been performed. I now know

that all this is false, and I come to ask you to be my friend. I believe that you are an honest man and a gentleman, and I place myself entirely in your hands.'

I replied, that she might do so with perfect safety—that I greatly sympathised with her, and that my only wish was to serve her and her son.

'My son!' she exclaimed with great emotion—'my dear boy, from whom I have been so long separated. Tell me, where is he?'

'He is with a clergyman, who lives near to Whitehaven. He is well and happy, and you shall shortly see him.'

She thanked me warmly; and after I had stated to her some of the circumstances under which I found the boy, as these have been already made known to the reader, I naturally expressed a wish to know something of her own fortunes since the day on which I married her to George Stanhope in the church at Knutsfield.

'Mine,' she replied, 'is a sad story; but I will make it as short as possible.'

'My father,' she said, 'was a stern, unrelenting man; and my mother was just the opposite. She was very kind to me; and it is hard to speak ill of the dead; but in truth she was but a weak woman, and did not influence my mind for any good. At the same time, though my father was a stern, proud man, he was very indulgent to me. I was an only child, and consequently a spoiled one. In a moment of weakness, I contracted, as you know, a marriage without my parents' knowledge or consent. It was not my husband's fault; it was all my own stupidity and folly. He entreated me to let him write to my father, and ask his consent; and even when we were married, he wanted me to write and tell him, and beg his forgiveness. After my mother's death, I was more than ever afraid of my father, and I felt that I dare not acquaint him with it. In due time I informed the Misses Onslow of my situation. They refused to believe my story. I had no certificate of my marriage, and they treated me with great severity; so cruelly indeed, that I was about to risk all and run away, when they discovered my plan, and frustrated it. After that, they treated me better. At this point, I wanted to send for my husband; and intended that he and I should go over to Florence to my father and ask his forgiveness. But this, the Misses Onslow would not listen to; it would ruin the reputation of their school, they said; and they so acted on my fears, that I consented to keep the marriage a secret till I returned to my father. Up to this time, I had been corresponding with my husband, through the agency of one of the servants, and had been receiving letters from him by the same means. By-and-by, however, his letters became less frequent, and at length ceased.'

The lady was here much affected; she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed audibly. After a little while, she mastered her emotion, and went on with her narrative. 'I then wrote a long and pathetic letter to my husband; but he never answered it, and at last went to India, and deserted me.'

'Were you really made to believe that he had deserted you?' I asked.

'I was,' she replied. 'But why do you ask such a question?'

'Because you were made to believe a lie; because you were both tricked and deceived.—Read that!' and taking from my desk the bundle of old letters which Miss Onslow had placed in my hands, I handed one of them to her. It was the last one Mr Stanhope had written to his wife before his departure for India.

As she read it, she became dreadfully excited; her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, and broken sobs burst from her. When she had finished, she kissed the letter passionately, exclaiming: 'Thank God! thank God!'

She paced the room rapidly, uttering broken exclamations of thankfulness. Then she turned upon me suddenly, and cried: 'And this letter was kept from me! Oh! this is the very perfection of cruelty! That letter would have saved me years of agony. I knew that those women were base and cruel; but this exceeds my worst opinion of them!'

For a time she was too deeply affected to go on with her narrative. When she had succeeded somewhat in subduing her emotion, she continued:

'After the birth of my child, which, spite of the threats and entreaties of those two horrid women, I had properly christened and named after his father, I was taken very ill, and did not recover for many months. During that time, I believe I was insane. I was never told so; but I am convinced that such was the fact; and during this period the youngest Miss Onslow constituted herself my nurse. When I recovered, I found that my child was dead; or rather, as I now know, I was by a fraud tricked into believing so. Doubts also were thrown upon the validity of my marriage. It was said that the register at Knutsfield had been examined, and that there was no entry of a marriage having been solemnised. I could get no tidings of my husband, nor would they speak with me about him. At length I was considered well enough to return to my father, and accompanied by Miss Onslow, I went to Florence. My father was a proud man, and very anxious that I should make a good marriage; and Miss Onslow knowing this, was always telling me that if my marriage with Stanhope was discovered, he would disown and disinherit me. Miss Onslow still resided with me, nominally as a companion, but in reality as mistress of the establishment. By her arts she gained a great ascendancy over my father, and I believe if he had lived, he would actually have married her.

'The Marquis of Swindon was a constant guest at my father's table, and he was very kind to me. You may imagine, situated as I was, how grateful I was for any scrap of kindness and sympathy. He did not in the ordinary sense make love to me; but he saw that I was unhappy, and he tried to soothe and comfort me. I experienced the greatest consolation in his society. I liked him, but could not of course love him. He asked me, nay, urged me to marry him; but I told him it was impossible—that my affections were engaged. When my father came to know that I had refused him, he gave way to such passion that it brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which he died. He had threatened that he would disinherit me in his will; but he had no time to carry out his threat; and thus I found myself,

as I supposed, free, and possessed of great wealth. As soon as my father was buried and my business affairs arranged, I proposed to start for India in search of my husband, and I told Miss Onslow of my project; but she laughed at it. I tried to get rid of her; but she refused to go. She used all sorts of threats; and as I knew her to be capable of anything that was diabolical and wicked, I let her remain. Shortly after this, she one day brought me an old *Times* newspaper—she said that her sister had accidentally discovered it—and she pointed to the death column, and showed me the name of my husband. As near as I can remember, the announcement ran thus: "STANHOPE—March 16th, at Bombay, after a short illness, GEORGE SPENCER STANHOPE, aged 31."

'After this, I had another long illness. Liberty I had none; and the thralldom in which I lived was more galling than ever. The only real friend I had was the Marquis of Swindon; his kindness affected me deeply, and I longed to tell him the story of my wrongs; but Miss Onslow had acquired such an influence over me, that I dared not.

'To show you the abject state into which they had brought me, I may state that though I knew that during my illness a large part of my income had disappeared, yet I had not the courage to complain, or to ask what had become of it. These facts, all of which are substantially true, will, I think, show you that I have been more sinned against than sinning.'

'What about Miss Onslow? Where is she now?'

'About two years since, she married a cousin of hers, a lawyer. When this took place, I thought that I should get my liberty, and for some months I was left in peace; but I soon found that I had only exchanged masters. This man came to me one day and threatened me. He said I was living before the world as a single woman, that I had had a child, and that unless I gave him a thousand pounds, he would expose me. Money was no object to me, and I weakly consented; and since that, I have been subject to a series of exactions and annoyances which I feared would bring on my old disorder. But I thank God I have been enabled to bear up against it. Still, it has been a sore trial to me.'

'But when your husband returned from India,' I said, 'why did you not communicate with him?'

'I knew nothing of it. I was then in Florence, I suppose.'

'Did you not read of his coming into the title?' I asked.

'No. I was never in those days allowed to see an English newspaper. Besides, I was almost entirely ignorant of my husband's family and connections, and did not know that he had succeeded to an earldom; so much so, that afterwards, when I heard of the supposed death of the Earl of Mortlake, I was not aware that he was in any way related to me.'

We had some further conversation; and then she said suddenly: 'You have not told me how you became possessed of that letter.'

'I got it from the elder Miss Onslow. Previous to her death, she sent for me—she, I am sure, repented of the part she had played in this matter

—and after placing this packet in my hands, was about to make some disclosure; but she died before she could make it.

'Poor thing!' said the Countess, with some feeling. 'I am glad to hear this; for, bad as she was, she was not so bad as that other horrid creature; indeed, I don't think she would have been bad at all, if it had not been for her.—Are those the letters?' she asked, pointing to the packet I still held in my hand.

'Yes,' I replied. 'Would you like to take them home and read them?'

She accepted the offer eagerly; and I gave her the packet of letters, but cautioning her, whatever she did, not to let them go out of her possession, and stipulating that when she had read them, she would return them to me. This promise she gave me, and I dismissed her. The case had assumed an entirely new aspect, and I wanted time for consideration.

The great Mortlake Peerage Case, as the newspapers called it, was set down for hearing. All the leading members of the bar were engaged on one side or the other. The witnesses from Knutsfield and Ramsgate were waiting to be summoned, and it was expected that in a few days the trial would be commenced. The public were greatly excited with regard to its probable termination, and popular feeling ran very high. There were partisans of both sides, and each argued vigorously for his own point of view. At first, public opinion was rather against than in favour of my *protégé*; but the appearance of the Countess, with her son, in deep mourning, excited great sympathy. In short, no sooner did the lady appear upon the scene, than the current of public opinion, which at one time was strongly in favour of the new claimant Mr Stanhope, turned, and was now running as vigorously in the opposite direction. The extreme beauty of the Countess, her great wealth, and the romantic story of her marriage, had great influence with the British public. It was very satisfactory to have the public with me; but those good people, who were very much inclined to make a hero of the young Earl, were not the people who had to decide the case; their opinion would have no influence with either judge or jury. Still, though things looked in a very satisfactory state, and while it was gratifying to me that the truth was beginning to make itself felt, I must confess that it was an anxious time with me. The opposition story was not without point and cogency. They did not charge me or the Countess with an attempt at fraud; they merely said that we had been imposed upon by people more clever than ourselves, who had made us their dupes. They further said that the plot was not of recent origin, but had been conceived many years since; that my *protégé* was not the son of the Earl and Countess of Mortlake, but the offspring of a Sandgate fisherman. It will be easily seen that there was room for these suggestions, and that in the hands of clever counsel much might be made of them.

Matters were in this state, when suddenly, without any warning, the whole case collapsed—burst like a bubble. There was no trial, no

verdict. The woman Onslow and her husband suddenly disappeared from the scene. What brought about this extraordinary state of things was a letter from the Earl of Mortlake, dated from New York, to say that he was alive and well!

From his letter, it appeared that, after crossing the Rocky Mountains, he made his way to the valley of the Rio Puerco, a splendid country, lying between two ridges of the Sierra de los Comanches. It was a spot which was rarely visited by Europeans, and was inhabited by a savage tribe of Indians called the Comanches. For some time he eluded their vigilance; but ultimately he was taken prisoner, and remained in captivity more than a year. Eventually he escaped, reached New York, and finally landed at Liverpool, where I met him and explained everything. We proceeded to London. Lady Mortlake sat in the drawing-room with her son, anxiously waiting our arrival. As soon as she saw her husband, she uttered a cry of joy, and sprang forward to meet him, the whole pure unrestrained joy of her heart beaming upon her face—a face always lovely, but now, in the maturity of her beauty, more lovely than ever.

'My wife!' said the Earl, as he returned her embrace, 'my own dearest wife—long divided, but ever loved! I thank God we meet again, never to separate till death us do part.'

'Amen!' I responded reverently.

'And this is our boy?' he continued, as he kissed the youth, and folded him in his arms.—

'And now,' he said, 'let us thank our good and generous friend to whom we owe all this happiness.'

'No, no!' I cried; 'I want no thanks. I have only done my duty.'

'True! and if we all did that, the world would be a paradise.'

My story is ended. The trials and sufferings through which these two had passed were not without their effect, but happily it was a beneficial one. The Countess, whose heart had hitherto known only endurance, was now filled with an exuberance of joy. She found in her son and husband a vent for all the deep and passionate longings of her soul.

As for the Earl, sorrow, anxiety, and privation had not altered his generous nature or daunted his fine spirit, though it had made him more grave and thoughtful than of yore; but that did not render him less amiable in the eyes of her who, through all the vicissitudes of her eventful life, had ever been faithful and true.

Let us now leave them as they sat, with hand clasped in hand, happy once more in each other's love.

SIMPLE FACTS CONCERNING WATER.

BY AN ANALYST.

AN elementary body is a substance out of which it is impossible to take, by any known means, two dissimilar substances. At one time, water was considered to be an elementary body. In the scientific light of the present time, we know this to have been a mistake. At the time referred to, it was believed that there existed only four elements—namely, earth, air, fire, and water; now we have discovered more than sixty

elementary bodies, whose names may be found in any chemistry text-book. Water abounds everywhere. It is seen in its most sublime and majestic form in the sea; the atmosphere is full of it, as the result of evaporation; it is also the chief constituent of the human body. In its vapoury form it bathes the crest of the mountain; and forming in the valley as dew, it is to be seen condensed on the blades of grass like diamonds in the morning sunshine. If our sage and well-intentioned forefathers were wrong in asserting that water is an elementary body, what, then, is it?

Many men with unmistakable claims to intelligence need not be ashamed to admit that they are not aware that water—a substance that can be both seen and felt—is produced by the union of two invisible gases; yet such is the case. To the student versed in chemical science, the evolving, apparently out of nothing at all, of tangible substances is a result he quite looks for. The two invisible gases of which water is composed are hydrogen and oxygen. This scientific truth ought to be known to everybody. When metallic bodies combine with oxygen, they are said to rust. For example, metallic iron, when it combines with oxygen, as the result of exposure in air or water—which both contain free oxygen gas—quickly loses its fine grayish-white metallic lustre, and becomes reddish brown. It has rusted; it has combined with the oxygen gas; and so much of the iron is no longer in the state of simple or 'elementary' iron, but has become an oxide of iron—that is, a 'compound' of iron and oxygen.

With the aid of an electric spark, hydrogen, when brought in contact with oxygen, at once fraternises with it, in a noisy and demonstrative manner—the two entering into a most friendly attachment, which is not easily severed; and the result of this union is water. So that every time we drink a glass of water, our stomachs become the recipients of a glass of oxidised hydrogen. There is a law in nature regarding the chemical union of matter, solid, liquid, or gaseous, of a very wonderful kind, which is, that all bodies on entering into chemical combination with one another, no matter in what form they may meet or in what quantity, do so in a certain unvarying proportion, and none other; and this is known as the law of the union of atoms. The great expounder of this theory was Dalton. But how can it be established that water is *not* an elementary body? In this manner: If a voltaic current be transmitted through it, and the gases at the positive and negative poles be collected in jars, and examined, the former will be found to consist of oxygen, and the latter of hydrogen; or if a red-hot piece of platinum is plunged into it, water at once undergoes decomposition; and if the proper means be taken to collect the vapours arising from this treatment, they will be found, on chemical examination, to be no longer water, but to consist of two gases—namely, hydrogen and oxygen; and thus it is known that water is not an elementary but a compound body. A similar decomposition can be effected by placing a bar of red-hot iron in water, with this difference, that the hydrogen only is set free, the oxygen combining with the iron to form a complicated oxide of iron.

Hydrogen—the lightest fluid known—expressed as one, is the standard by which the atomic weights of all the other elements are compared. Now, taking hydrogen as one, oxygen is sixteen, being this number of times heavier. Two volumes of hydrogen require one of oxygen to form water; but one volume of oxygen, as has been stated, is sixteen times heavier than one volume of hydrogen; therefore, two parts by weight of hydrogen and sixteen parts by weight of oxygen, correctly represent the quantities in which these two elements combine to form the liquid called water.

The general law of bodies, solids, liquids, or gases, is to expand when heated. Now, water positively refuses to do anything of the kind between certain ranges of temperature. That range begins at the freezing-point, thirty-two degrees, and terminates at thirty-nine degrees. Between these points there is an increase of seven degrees of heat; but water, instead of following the general law of expansion, turns right about, and contracts, thus becoming denser and consequently heavier. When the river begins to freeze, it does not begin at the bottom, in obedience to this very law. The water on the surface of the river, as the frost approaches, gradually gets cooler and cooler, and as it does so it sinks, in consequence of its increased density, to the bottom; and the warmer water therefrom naturally rises to the surface, and in its turn also gets cooled. This upward and downward movement continues until the whole of the river is reduced to thirty-nine degrees. But observe what takes place now. The water at this point is in its densest state. When it becomes one degree colder—that is, thirty-eight degrees—it becomes lighter, and of course it can no longer sink; and there it remains until it is cooled down to thirty-two degrees—the freezing-point—when a film of ice begins to form on its surface, which of necessity floats.

There are many other curious things that might be said of water, such as its incompressibility, upon which remarkable property depends the power and useful application of our hydraulics; its sudden expansion on becoming ice, bursting not only our water-pipes, but splitting up and disintegrating our rocks and mountains as well; and various other remarkable qualities which space will not permit of being dealt with.

The uses of water are countless. Suppose we look at it for a moment as regards its domestic application. You often hear of water for household purposes being called 'hard' and 'soft.' The reason why some waters, especially spring-water, are 'hard' is owing to the mineral matters dissolved in them. Rain-water is never 'hard,' because it is nearly free of solid matter. The reason you had such an uncomfortable wash and shave this morning at your friend's house, was owing to the water being largely charged with lime and magnesia. When the soap is rubbed between the palms in water of this description, the stearic acid in the oil of the soap combines with the lime and magnesia, and forms compounds which the water cannot dissolve; and hence the provoking curdiness you observed. For the lather to be a perfect one, complete solution of the constituents of the soap must take place, and in pure water this

would be the case. But some waters are permanently hard, whilst some are only temporarily so. Permanent hardness is caused when the water is charged with sulphate of lime and magnesia; and temporary hardness by carbonates of lime and magnesia. Pure water dissolves the sulphates, but not the carbonates. Then how do the carbonates come to be in the water at all? The reason is this. All natural waters, but especially spring and well water, contain more or less free carbonic acid gas in a state of absorption, and when thus charged, are capable of dissolving the carbonates; but whenever this gas is expelled from the water, say by boiling it, the carbonates are at once deposited; and this accounts for the incrustation in the kettle; and when this takes place, the water becomes quite soft. The boiling does not affect the sulphates to any degree in this way in water that is permanently 'hard.' Temporarily hard water can be made soft by more means than boiling alone. If a tubful of it at night be stirred up with a little 'slaked' lime and allowed to settle, in the morning there will be a white deposit at the bottom of the tub, and the water will be found to be quite 'soft;' because the lime added will combine with the free carbonic acid gas in the water, and the whole of the carbonates will become deposited, in virtue of their insolubility in water without this gas.

For drinking purposes, rain-water, after being passed through a charcoal filter, to remove the organic matter it contains, is the most wholesome for adults. The general objection is its tastelessness. A pinch of salt will remedy this. For the young, however, solid matter in the water, of the right kind, such as lime and magnesia, is good, as these go to build up the bony structures of the child.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Naval and Submarine Exhibition, recently held at the Agricultural Hall, London, appears to have been a marked success. Of the seven thousand persons who daily passed within its doors, a large proportion was naturally represented by 'those who go down to the sea in ships.' But the bulk of the visitors were certainly drawn from the general public; a fact not to be wondered at, when we remember what a fascination the broad sea and all that belongs to it have for those whose lives are mostly spent far from its murmur. But from whatever class the casual visitor may have been drawn, he was sure not to regret his shilling fee for admission, for the display contained much that was not only of technical but of general interest.

A huge tank, with glass windows, placed in the middle of the Hall, gave exhibitors of the various diving systems now in use an opportunity of showing how man has learned to make himself an amphibious animal. Here was exemplified the method of diving for sponges or pearls without the aid of any apparatus whatever; and with it was shown the intricate arrangement

of pipes, air-pumps, diving-dresses, and cumbersome helmets, which have until recently been necessary to the preservation of a man out of his natural element. Mr Fleuss's method of diving without these impedimenta was also shown; and judging by the crowds which flocked round when the new system was being demonstrated, we may surmise that the general public take an interest in this new phase of the art of diving. It will be remembered that Mr Fleuss has adapted a modified form of his diving system to an apparatus which will enable a man to enter into gases or irrespirable atmospheres without suffering the least risk. That this invention is no mere ill-conceived toy, which may from its intricate nature break down when wanted for use, may be judged from the valuable aid it rendered lately on the occasion of an accident at Killingworth Colliery, near Newcastle. One of the shafts was under repair, when, without warning, a quantity of timber-work gave way and fell down the shaft, at once stopping communication with the outer world. Unfortunately, the ventilation of the mine was also stopped, with the result that foul air soon began to collect. Eleven poor fellows were confined in this dangerous atmosphere for eighteen hours, after which time, rescuers, equipped with the Fleuss apparatus, arrived upon the scene of operations. In a very short time the suffering miners were restored to their friends, saved from a most terrible fate. In order to show how near all of them were to death, it may be mentioned that one of them subsequently succumbed.

Exhibitions have become so common all the world over since the wonderful success attained by the great show at Hyde Park in 1851, that it seems curious that their popularity has not yet waned. But in case there should be any danger of such a thing, a new kind of Exhibition has been organised, about which, if only because of its novelty, no apprehensions of public apathy need be felt. According to the *Colonies and India* newspaper, Messrs Fry & Co. have announced the startling scheme of an Exhibition which will float from one port to another. A magnificent vessel has been chartered for this purpose, and after being stocked with the produce of different countries, will, early in June, commence a tour of the world of commerce. This way of taking the mountain to Mohammed, instead of asking Mohammed to go to the mountain, is certainly a new departure in trade. The idea is such a good one, and so likely to be beneficial both to this country and our colonies, that we most cordially wish it the success which its ingenious promoters deserve.

As a melancholy contrast to all these advances in the arts of peace, we note in an American paper the description of a new engine of war, which seems to cast into the shade all contrivances for destructive purposes which have yet been invented. This is a gunboat which is a kind of compound of the ironclad and torpedo boat; but the one powerful weapon with which it is furnished is fired not above the water, but seven

feet below the surface. By this means the heaviest ship afloat can be wounded in its most vital part by a submarine shell charged with three hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton. The new boat is named *Destroyer*. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, carries a crew of twelve men, will move at a speed of seventeen knots per hour, and is the invention of Captain Ericsson.

The 'cuteness' of the American mind is more pleasantly shown in the manner in which iron sheets are now exported from this country for use in the United States. An American Company at Wolverhampton has lately imported shaping and cutting machinery for making coal-shovels, vases, pails, &c., so that when cut and shaped, the iron can be sent across the Atlantic. The object of this is to save the heavy duty upon those parts of the iron sheets—the scrap—which is not actually required in making the articles. The much lower price of the iron on this side of the water, coupled with the saving of the duty in the manner described, makes this enterprise a profitable one. And when we mention that twenty-five tons of iron sheet are utilised in this work at Wolverhampton every week, it will be seen that the scheme must give employment to many.

An interesting pamphlet has been issued by the County of Cork Agricultural Society detailing some experiments on Potato Culture made at the Munster Farm in 1881. These experiments were made with a view to test the productiveness of different varieties of potato-growing under exactly the same conditions, to note their capabilities to resist disease, and lastly to try the merits of different kinds of manures. The variety chosen for the manure experiments was that known as the 'Champion,' and the date of planting was April 12, 1881. The results were as follows: With no manure, the yield per acre amounted to five tons sixteen hundredweight. When an addition per acre was made of two hundredweight of bone and mineral superphosphate, the yield increased by one ton. With four hundredweight of bone-meal to the acre, the yield recorded was ten tons three hundredweight; with kainit alone—two hundredweight to the acre—the yield rose to thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight. The addition of farmyard manure to the soil afforded a yield of thirteen tons fifteen hundredweight; but when the same kind of manure had been stored before use in a closed pit, its energy gave an increased yield of three tons. It must be understood that all these manures were applied to different plots of land of exactly the same size. The importance of these experiments is obvious, and it is thought that they have in great measure influenced the improvement which has been recorded during the past year in the potato crop grown in the south of Ireland.

Our contemporary *Land* calls attention to the circumstance that the Pope is a farmer, and a very successful one too. He does not grow potatoes, nor does he raise stock, but he has large water-farms for the breeding of fish. Into the lagoons of Commachio, where these operations are carried on, the fish come up from the Adriatic in vast quantities. They are there fattened until ready for the table.

The artificial propagation of salmon and other species of fresh-water fish is at length commanding

the attention it deserves. Reared from the egg, and carefully tended and fed during infancy, the fish are in due time liberated from their nursery, and sent forth to stock depleted streams and lakes. We have in this country more than one nursery of the kind, notably the Fishery-works at Howietown, Stirlingshire, founded by Sir James Maitland, which have lately come into prominence in connection with the Scotch Fisheries Exhibition. Here thousands upon thousands of eggs are hatched with such success that only three or four in every thousand fail. The fish when first hatched has a sac attached to it which contains its first food. When this sac disappears, it is fed upon egg, then upon egg and beef grated together. Later on, horse-flesh forms the artificial food, and two, sometimes three dead horses are disposed of every week at Howietown in this manner. As far as possible, Nature is left to herself, and art is only employed where necessary; the chief object of the works being to eschew scientific technicalities, and to deal with the problem of fish-culture so that an ordinary river-keeper can understand what to do and how to do it. 'We have also,' says a contemporary, 'the simple and effective system of Littlewood of Huddersfield, by which, for a small expenditure, any one with a modicum of intelligence could stock any important stream with the most suitable class of fish. The porous earthenware troughs that hatch out the ova are of the cheapest construction, so that a five-pound note can purchase a set sufficient to hatch fifty thousand ova at a time, with ease. A few hours has been sufficient to train a common Highland keeper to use this apparatus with success; and we consider that it virtually solves the question of cheap, effective, and consequently *paying* fish-hatching.' We learn that the promoter of the Howietown establishment was first led to take an interest in fish-culture by an accidental conversation with the late lamented Frank Buckland, whose efforts to preserve our rivers from the pollution of manufactories, deserve the grateful thanks of the community.

The long-vexed question of electric illumination has at length reached such a practical stage, that the text of an Electric Lighting Act introduced by the President of the Board of Trade has been published. The mistake originally made when the gas and water corporations were created, whereby two of the first necessities of life, light and water, have become monopolies which can almost dictate their own terms, has been carefully guarded against in this new Act. Electric Lighting Companies will be licensed for five years only, after which time it will be optional for municipal bodies to buy up the whole plant and to undertake the supply themselves. It is also provided that any Company supplying the current from a central source, shall not have the power to restrict the consumer to any particular form of burner or regulator. In this way the Companies are made the servants of the public, and not their masters.

The near approach of the time when the operation of such an Act of Parliament will become necessary, is foreshadowed by the establishment of the Edison incandescent light on Holborn Viaduct and in various contiguous buildings. The current is furnished from a central office, and is so distributed by wires to the various houses,

that each lamp can be turned off and on by means of a tap without affecting others on the same system. The dynamo machine, the lamps, and all the various details, are the invention of Mr Edison, whose excuse for being somewhat late in the field is his anxiety that everything should work perfectly before being submitted to the public eye. That the system now approaches perfection, must be evident to all. Time alone can tell us about its permanence, and most important of all, its cost as compared with the gas it supersedes. It may be assumed that the gas Companies must at last see that they have a dangerous rival. One London Company has just issued a notice to its customers that it will lend out on hire improved cooking and other gas stoves, patterns of which can be seen at its offices. This speaks for itself.

An attaché of the Chinese Embassy in Paris has just published in one of the French journals a series of articles on the Political and Commercial Aspects of his own country. Perhaps the most interesting portion of these papers is that relating to the various missions which China has sent both to Europe and to America. In 1877, thirty young Chinamen were sent abroad to study engineering. Of these, some were placed in England, some in France, and some in Germany, and after four years' training, returned to their own country. Last year, no fewer than two hundred and sixteen Chinamen, including an Admiral and sixteen officers, were despatched to Western countries to devote themselves to naval studies. At Hartford, United States, there is a Chinese college where two hundred youths receive a liberal education. It will thus be seen that the hunger for knowledge has been felt by those whom we have long been accustomed to regard as barbarians.

Those who eschew the use of meat, and hold that man has no business to call himself a flesh-eating animal, would do well to live in Morocco, for, according to a Report by Mr Payton, our consul there, the country must be a very paradise for vegetarians. Careful cultivation, and a complete system of irrigation applied to the market gardens, have together brought the soil to such perfection, that vegetables and fruits of all kinds flourish most luxuriantly. Potatoes at about a farthing a pound, green peas—from February to May—at four shillings a hundredweight, and walnuts at twopence per hundred, sounds exceedingly tempting.

Many doubts have arisen whether the Channel Tunnel can be made to pay for the gigantic outlay which its construction would entail. The main expense is represented by the constant removal of the debris from the boring-machines. Assuming that the progress made in a thirty-foot tunnel is one yard per hour, the chalk cut away and requiring to be removed would amount to sixty truck-loads, or one per minute. Mr T. R. Crampton long ago devised machinery for meeting this difficulty, and it has been in successful use for some time on a small scale at his brickworks near Sevenoaks. He suggests that the same method should be adopted at the Channel Tunnel works. He proposes that the cutting-machines should be actuated by hydraulic power, by water supplied from above ground. The water, after having done its work, would then, in a proper receptacle, be mixed with the chalk debris,

and form a kind of sludge of the consistence of cream. This liquid mud might then, by means of an ordinary pipe, be carried to the mouth of the shaft, where it could be discharged into the sea, or otherwise disposed of. We should think that there would in a long length of piping be some danger of the chalk gradually depositing itself, and so choking the bore; but this remains to be proved. The idea is an ingenious one, and well worthy of consideration, when we reflect upon the vast saving of labour which its adoption would represent.

Mr Carl Bock, the Eastern explorer, is now in Siam, where he has undertaken a journey for the object of scientific research. Writing in September, he states that although he had received every assistance from the king of Siam, he had many obstacles placed in his way by those who had been deputed to assist him. The natives tried to frighten him by rumours of fevers, evil spirits, and other supposed dangers, and ended by stealing his horse, never dreaming that he would decide to proceed on foot. At one place, an amusing incident occurred, which, however, might have led the explorer into a serious difficulty. A certain chief, who is described as being half naked, blind of one eye, and dreadfully marked with smallpox, allowed his wife to become the traveller's model for a sketch. In the course of his work, he just touched his sitter's chin, as artists will, in order to get a more agreeable pose. Both husband and wife immediately flew into a violent rage at this supposed insult, and the neighbours were called in to eject the intruder. The instant destruction of the sketch was insisted upon. Mr Bock being unwilling to lose it, hit upon the expedient of giving it to the woman alone, and demanded that all her companions should be sent away. While this was being done, he quickly executed a rough duplicate, which the woman quickly tore in pieces, without detecting the ruse which had been played upon her. The results of Mr Bock's travels will be published in book-form by Messrs Sampson Low & Co., but of course this cannot take place until after his return to England in August next.

We learn from a Report published concerning the Hospice on St Gothard, that in the year ending September 1881, nearly sixteen thousand persons received assistance there. Of these, nearly one-fourth were lodged for one night, one hundred and twenty-three had to be treated as invalids, some of whom, suffering from Alpine casualties, were provided with clothing. The need for this refuge on the mountains is considered so great, that it will continue its useful labours even after the tunnel is opened. We are sorry to notice that the expenditure exceeded the receipts last year by nearly four thousand francs. Another Hospice, that of the Great St Bernard, has hitherto had the reputation of being the most elevated inhabited house in Europe. The new Observatory on Mount Etna has robbed it of that distinction, for the latter is one thousand feet higher above the sea-level.

The alterations which are soon to be carried out at the Tower of London will receive the approval of all who have any regard for the monuments of the past. For many years,

the more modern buildings in the fortress have been used as a depository for military stores; and it is found that the woodwork of many of the floors has become so rotten as to be unable to support the weight which they are required to bear. In the meantime, the ancient parts of the Tower defy the ravages of time, and seem to be as strong as when first built. The modern buildings are now to be removed, and certain parts of the old work which they superseded are to be restored. When this work is completed, Londoners will once more see the old place as it was known to their forefathers. But they will have the satisfaction of remembering that the religious intolerance and political intrigues which have stained its walls with the blood of so many just men, have passed away for ever.

BOOK GOSSIP.

It not unfrequently happens that we know less of our contemporaries than we know of the generations that have preceded us. Most people could tell you more about Chaucer and Milton than they can of Tennyson or Mrs Oliphant; and until very recently we knew as little of George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle as we do of Shakespeare or the author of *Piers Plowman*. Any book, therefore, which throws light upon the personal surroundings of our more popular living authors, must always be welcome at many firesides. Of this nature is a recent work from the pen of Mr Henry Morley, entitled, *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (London: Sampson Low & Co.), and forming the two-thousandth volume of the well-known Tauchnitz Collection of English Authors. The author does not restrict himself entirely to the reign of our present sovereign; he gives by way of introduction a review of English literature from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth down to that of Victoria. This portion of the work is contained in three chapters, and necessarily deals with this important period in English letters in a somewhat hasty manner. Yet withal, the survey is by one who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and it forms a fitting prelude to the notices of the authors who have flourished during the present reign. Many of the personal details thus given, though in all cases briefly, are of much interest, and have the fascination which somehow or other belongs to all literature which tells us, in a clever and agreeable manner, something about the more conspicuous men and women of our own day, especially those of them whose works are in our hands, and with whose opinions we may be familiar, while of their personality we know next to nothing. This little work is further rendered interesting by its presenting us with above one hundred and fifty fac-similes of autographs of British authors of the present reign.

Perhaps there is no European country which is so rapidly gaining upon public attention, as is Russia at the present time, both with respect to its political and social development. The fierce spirit of turbulence which from time to time makes itself felt among its vast populations—

now striking at private life, and now at that of the Emperor himself—has resulted in a condition of things which has attracted the attention of many to whom the internal affairs of Russia were previously as unknown and uncared-for as the domestic economy of the Ainos. And this desire for knowledge, this enlightened curiosity, as to things Russian, has been met by the issue of books on almost every conceivable aspect of Russian life. The Germans have been exceedingly active in this work; and a translation of one of their volumes, *Russia Past and Present*, has recently been issued in this country by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. The historical accuracy of the work on which this translation is based, may be estimated by the fact that it has been added to the libraries of all the Russian military seminaries, for the use of the pupils in the higher classes. It treats, in successive chapters, of the early inhabitants of Russia, its formation as an empire, its extent, population, configuration, products, manufactures, climate, and the like. There are also chapters on the government of the country, both in its imperial and local capacities; on the constitution of the army and navy; on the state of trade, commerce, and agriculture; along with a description of the chief towns and chief districts of the country. The religious observances and popular customs described, especially the latter, are many of them very curious; and for those who wish to acquire an intelligent conception of life and government in Russia, we do not know a more agreeable and serviceable volume than this.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISCONNECTION OF TITLES AND LANDS.

It might be expected that the titles borne by our aristocracy would generally be derived from the lands actually held by them; but this, as we learn from a return made by a contemporary, is far from being the case. The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, and Lord Leicester, have, for instance, not an acre of land in the counties from which their titles emanate. The Duke of Devonshire owns eighty thousand acres in Derbyshire, but none in Devon; Lord Derby has some fifty thousand acres in Lancashire, but nothing in Derby; while Lord Leicester's estates are not in the shire of that name, but in Norfolk, where he has over forty thousand acres. The Duke of Norfolk has but four thousand acres in Norfolk, whilst Sussex and York have some thirty-five thousand acres in his ownership. Earls Carnarvon, Suffolk, Westmoreland, Cardigan, Pembroke, Radnor, and Denbigh, derive their large incomes from counties other than those that give them their titles.

The Marquis of Bristol's estate is in Suffolk; the Marquis of Bath's is in Wiltshire. The Marquis of Salisbury's rent-roll is derived from Herts, and not from Wilts; the Marquis of Hertford derives his from Warwick, and not from Herts; the Marquis of Exeter has nothing in Devonshire; and Lord Southampton's name is absent in Hampshire. The great Duke of Rutland owns but seven hundred acres in Rutland, whilst he is lord over eighty-four thousand acres in six

different counties other than the one from which he derives his title. Notts and Lincoln claim the Duke of St Albans, instead of Herts; and the Duke of Richmond's estates are in Sussex and Scotland, and not in Surrey or Yorkshire. The Duke of Manchester lives in Huntingdon, and does not trouble Lancashire; whilst the Earl of Huntingdon's estates are in Ireland, instead of the English county that bears his name. The Duke of Cleveland would be supposed to draw his enormous income from the Vale of Cleveland, which is in Yorkshire; yet it is not so, his estates being in Durham and Sussex. The Duke of Portland by some is supposed to be the owner of that island in which so many, unwillingly, practically learn the art of building breakwaters and fortifications, and which supplies all England with that beautiful hard stone that bears his name. But the fact is the Duke does not own an acre of land in all Dorsetshire; his immense income being mainly derived from his estates in Notts, Derby, Northumberland, and London. The Marquis of Ailesbury is not known as a landowner in Bucks; Wilts and York having that honour. The Duke of Wellington takes his title from a small town in Somerset, in which county he owns but five hundred and twenty acres, whilst in Hampshire he owns sixteen thousand acres. The Duke of Marlborough takes his title from a small town in Wilts, where his Grace has only one thousand acres, whilst Blenheim, with twenty-two thousand acres of the Duke's property, is in Oxford.

DISCOVERY AS TO PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

Considerable interest has been caused in medical circles by the publication of an address which was delivered by Dr Koch before the Physiological Society of Berlin, on the 24th of March this year. The address dealt with what is called the Etiology—that is, causes—of Tubercular Disease, under which term is included the terrible scourge of pulmonary consumption; and the experiments therein detailed went to show beyond dispute that the spread of tubercular forms of disease is due to the existence of a minute, rod-shaped parasite, or *bacillus*, only discoverable by the microscope. Dr Koch, who has enunciated this discovery, first made himself known by the cleverness and thoroughness of his researches on the contagion of splenic fever, his investigations in regard to which received such public recognition that the young physician was forthwith transferred from a modest country practice, in the neighbourhood of Breslau, to the post of Government Adviser in the Imperial Health Department of Berlin. He has now done with respect to the disease of consumption what he formerly accomplished in the case of splenic fever. The chief value of the discovery lies in two things—first, that a specific and determinable cause has been found for the various forms of tubercular disease; and next, that this knowledge will enable physicians to proceed in the endeavour to discover whether the disease of consumption cannot be overcome by inoculation, as in the case of smallpox in human beings, and splenic fever in cattle and sheep—both which maladies are likewise due to disease-producing *bacilli*. When Dr Koch had

discovered the parasite that was the active agent in splenic fever, Pasteur in France inaugurated that series of wonderful experiments which went to show satisfactorily that animals inoculated with the virus of splenic fever are protected in this way against renewed attacks of that fever. It is open to be discovered whether mankind cannot be made proof against the fearful malady of consumption by a similar process of inoculation, just as mankind has been rendered proof in the case of smallpox. The further results of the experiments we have alluded to will be watched for with great anxiety, not only by physicians, but by the many who have suffered or are liable to suffer from the terrible ravages of consumption.

OUTSIDE THE BAR.

OUTSIDE the Bar, amid the breaking surges,

By mighty winds capriciously misled;

Toy of the tempest-god who madly urges

The ship towards you reef that lies ahead;

Beset by Night, whose darkling clouds are driven

Across a sky that shows no friendly star,

With rudder broken, and with canvas riven,

How will she reach her goal within the Bar?

Outside the Bar, like some great soul in sorrow,

The labouring barque bemoans the bitter hour;

And her brave crew, with longings for the morrow,

Toil through the night against the tempest's power.

Ah! can *she* conquer when each giant billow

Has roused itself man's handiwork to mar?

Their angry crests afford no restful pillow

To one who longs for peace within the Bar.

Outside the Bar the storm-fiends, wildly mocking

At human weakness, rave in accents rude;

While in their ruthless grasp the ship is rocking,

A prey to every demon's changeful mood.

The way to port is through those breakers standing

Like foeman-sentinels in time of war,

Their iron-clad and hostile forms commanding

The haven of her hopes within the Bar.

Outside the Bar the ocean-voices thunder,

And Night bends over all her deathly frown:

Within the Bar some tender hearts do wonder

If ships will find their refuge near the town.

Now, for the sake of those our spirits cherish,

Who toss upon tempestuous seas afar,

Pray that the barque beleaguered may not perish,

But anchor safely yet within the Bar.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

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